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The Gatti Meat company is still in the field to sell butters. Slaying nothing but standing pat against all butters.

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MADE TO ORDER DIMENSIONS
I use the right process, the right materials and have the right kind of blocks, also the right kind of machinery. Estimates on building promptly furnished. Call at

J. MAUREL

Two-story Concrete Block House, West of Globe Lumber Yard

Globe
Steam Laundry

G. BOHSE, Proprietor

This is to notify the public that I have again taken full charge of the Globe Steam Laundry, and that Copas & Richards, to whom I leased the plant some time ago, have retired, and are no longer in any way connected with the business.

I wish to assure my old patrons and the public in general that all work will be first-class and that a prompt service will be given. Give me a trial.

Nov. 21, 1907. G. BOHSE.

The
Independent
Market

The choicest meats in the city. Out of the trust and prices right.

Our order man at your door in a moment's notice and the delivery boy does prompt work.

Don't you want to try the Independent market.

PHOENIX LAWYER
IN SAN FRANCISCO

W. P. RICHARDSON SEEN IN COAST CITY RECENTLY—WIFE STILL PROFFERS TO BE IN THE DARK

Attorney W. P. Richardson, whose disappearance from Phoenix November 11 is still unexplained, was in San Francisco on Wednesday of fair week, being seen there and talked to by Alex Rheinstein, formerly of Phoenix.

Billy Davenport, bookkeeper for the Ryder mill, who has just returned to Phoenix from San Francisco, brings the information that Richardson was in that city three days after he was last seen in Phoenix.

Davenport met Rheinstein accidentally on the street, and during a brief conversation, Rheinstein remarked to him that he had just seen Lawyer Richardson of Phoenix, wondering at the same time what he was doing in San Francisco.

Neither Rheinstein nor Davenport knew at that time that Richardson had mysteriously disappeared from Phoenix, the fact not having been fully established at that time in Phoenix.

Nothing unusual was thought of the presence in San Francisco of Richardson any more than two men meeting might ask each other if they knew what had happened to the third party to where they happened to be.

Richardson's being seen in San Francisco so soon after he left Phoenix bears out the supposition that he went from Phoenix to a city not far from Pendleton, Ore., where it is believed he is now located.

Several days ago it became known that when Richardson reached Maricopa he bought or had bought for him a ticket to a city in the vicinity of Pendleton, where he had given it out he would remain for a year.

Mrs. Richardson has been told that her husband was seen in San Francisco within three days after he left Phoenix, without letting her know he was going, or where he intended to go.

As yet Mrs. Richardson is as much in the dark regarding the movements of her husband as anyone else. She has enlisted the help of several who are assisting her in straightening out the business affairs of Richardson, as well as to try to locate him.

WASHINGTON'S NEW PORTAL.

Terminal Station a Long Step Toward the National Ideal.

The superb union station at Washington has been formally opened. While the union station is still not entirely finished, all its track connections are complete and it is promised that the whole structure will be in shape before New Year's.

With this change Washington advances from the foot to the head of the list of the world's great capitals in the dignity of her treatment of arriving and departing guests. London, Paris and Berlin scatter their visitors among a number of stations, some vast and massive, but none particularly calculated to uplift the mind. Washington hitherto has received arriving presidents and ambassadors in holes that would almost have brought a blush to the cheek of a manager of the Long Island railroad. Now she will receive them, and plain citizens as well, in a lordly white palace, set in a spacious plaza, and gazing at the capital as equal to equal. The squalid disfigurements heretofore maintained by the railroads will disappear, the desecrated Mall will recover the unmarred beauty of which L'Enfant dreamed, and a long step will be taken toward the realization of that national ideal which Washington is some day to fulfill.—Collier's Weekly.

The Gypsy Curse.

Friday is the weekly fraud; everything goes wagger-jawed; and the sailorman who sails finds himself food for whales, and the man who killed a friend on a Friday meets his end; on a Friday trade is slack, all the trains run off the track; William Doe, to his amazement, draws ten dollars and ten days; brickbats fall from buildings high; break your neck and make you cry; fevers, fires and frosts abound, earthquakes come and snort around. Old Subscriber, in a pet, comes to swear at the Gazette; every one is feeling blue, everything is hind-end to; yet some comfort we may seek; Friday comes but once a week.—Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.

Another Conscience Awakened

David Young, the South High street merchant, received the other day an anonymous note reading: "Dear Sir: Enclosed, please find 25 cents which I found lying on the counter and did not turn in at the office while in your employ a few years ago." The writer, of whose identity Mr. Young has no idea, repented of the breaking of a store rule and of the appropriation of somebody's money and has done what it was possible to do to repair the wrong. The quarter, Mr. Young has placed in the conscience fund.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

Dreadful Waste of Money.

A tender-hearted little woman, hanging reluctantly on the edge of her party, who was interested in the cannon exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition, closed her eyes and clasped her hands over her ear, emitting an "Oh!" or "Ah!" every time a gun was moved on its pivot. Hearing one guide say that it cost \$1,050 every time one man-moth 12-inch gun was fired, she exclaimed: "Goodness gracious—and suppose nobody is killed, just think of the waste!"—Baltimore News.

Cruel and Unusual Punishment

A Russian official convicted of cheating starving peasants out of the famine relief supplies has been sentenced to be dismissed from office. Such barbarous punishment could never be meted out under an enlightened constitutional government.—Philadelphia North American.

GIFT OF MILLIONS
FROM BOY'S DEATH

STANDARD OIL KING IN MEMORY OF GRANDSON GIVES ALMOST THREE MILLIONS TO MEDICAL RESEARCH

Founded Institute Six Years Ago in New York and Has Already Provided \$1,200,000 to Keep the Best Experts Obtainable at It.

NEW YORK, November 30.—Because of the death in Tarrytown six years ago of a little boy, his forbears are now spending millions of dollars to save the lives of other little boys and girls.

This lad was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick, daughter and son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller. Yesterday Mr. Rockefeller gave \$2,600,000 as an endowment fund for the Medical Research Institute which he had previously established here. In Chicago about \$1,000,000 has already been devoted by Mr. and Mrs. McCormick for the Institute for the Study of Infectious Diseases.

It was in 1901 that the first born of the McCormicks was stricken with what was called summer complaint. He was rushed to the home of his grandfather at Tarrytown and all that money could procure in the shape of the best medical attention and the most skillful nursing was done for the little fellow. But in vain, for he died, heir to what would have been very probably a billion dollar estate.

Shortly after six men met in a hotel in Washington. The first man was John D. Rockefeller. The other five were noted doctors. They had come at the call of the oil magnate.

Rockefeller Proposes Plan

"My grandson died recently," said he, "and I want to stop other grandsons and sons and daughters from losing their lives through what may be a lack of knowledge on the part of physicians of this country. I want to found an institute for the study of disease. I want the most scientific investigation that it is possible to make. I will endow this institution. I want the exclusive time and attention of the best men in this line in this country. Will you, gentlemen, as physicians, join me?"

They did, and as a result the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was established in May, 1906. On the 12th of that month it was formally opened, the building being located on the banks of the East river at Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets. For preliminary work \$200,000 was pledged by Mr. Rockefeller, and when the institute was opened the staff consisted of Dr. Simon Flexner, Dr. E. L. Opie, Dr. H. Noguchi, Dr. J. E. Smoot and Dr. H. S. Houghton in the department of pathology and bacteriology; Dr. S. J. Meltzer and Dr. John Auer, physiology, and Dr. P. A. Levene and Dr. W. Beatty, in the department of chemistry. Five resident fellowships and scholarships were granted to B. F. Terry, zoology; R. D. McLaughlin, chemistry; Charles A. Renner, chemistry, and E. H. Shorer and Miss Bertha J. Barker, bacteriology.

Adds Millions to Gift

In 1902 Mr. Rockefeller added \$1,000,000, and it has been upon this sum that the work at the institute has been carried on. A good deal of the original money is still unexpended, but it was not regarded as an endowment, and the institute was living upon it in the hope that when it came to an end further funds would be provided.

Yesterday Mr. Rockefeller gave securities worth over \$2,500,000 to form the endowment fund of the institute, and it is believed this is not his last gift. This will insure the continuance and enlargement of the institution itself and provide support for scientists engaged for it in medical research in all parts of the world. It is believed that Mr. Rockefeller does not intend this to be his final gift, but will add to it as the institution expands and finds wider scope for its usefulness.

No restriction has been put upon the board of directors. Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins university, president of the institute; Dr. Simon Flexner, the superintendent, and their associates, Dr. Luther Emmett Holt, Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, Dr. Cristin A. Herter of Columbia, Dr. Hermann M. Biggs of Bellevue and Dr. Theobald Smith of Harvard will be permitted to spend the income of \$200,000 which will be derived from the endowment upon any matter which seems to them worthy of investigation.

A considerable part of the endowment will be taken up with the expenses of management and the salaries of the large staff now at work at the institution.

THE CURSE OF OUR TIME

Steady Increase of Nervous Disorders, While Other Diseases Are Conquered

The progress of medical science has brought us face to face with a curious and suggestive fact. There can be little doubt that "filth" diseases, as they are called, are being slowly but surely vanquished. The brilliant discoveries of Jenner and Koch and Pasteur and others have raised the great hope that at no distant day all the toxic scourges of humanity will be brought under scientific control. But there can be as little doubt that functional disorders of the nervous system are spreading with alarming rapidity, and that in their presence the average physician stands baffled and bewildered. Aliens are agreed that insanity is increasing; the sanatoriums for nervous troubles are crowded, and in some instances overcrowded; everywhere the thoughtful observer remarks the signs of a neurotic and disordered temperament. The rise in our own time of various healing cults, such as Christian science, faith healing, divine healing, esoteric vibrationism, etc., points in the same direction, else such systems would have no raison d'être.

The field in which the various "ir-

regular" healers win their therapeutic triumphs is very extensive. It includes such maladies as neurasthenia, hysteria, hypochondria, insomnia, mania-depression, melancholia, nervous irritability, fixed ideas, obsessions of one kind and another, alcoholism, morphinism and cocaineism, loss of control, perversions of feeling and other abnormalities too numerous to count. Doubtless behind these troubles lies the dark shadow of heredity, yet the most recent science assures us that the greater portion of problems lies within our own control, that education, environment, self-discipline, mental hygiene and the influence of strong personalities over weaker ones are still more potent than the dead hand of our ancestry.

Perhaps the most prevalent cause of worry is overwork. The vaulting ambition that overreaches itself and fails on the other side is far too common, especially in this country and among business and professional men. The overworked man is liable to become nervous, is easily put out, is impatient with his friends and says things he worries about afterward.

A distinguished nerve specialist recommends that the nervous man should try in every way through suitable food and through systematic periods of rest to carry a comfortable amount of fat. Men "that are fat, sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights" are panned for the battle of life. As Mrs. Carlyle wrote to a friend after she had been delivered for a month from the speech of Thomas and the burdens of housekeeping: "Thank God for that blessed share of fat! It has made a new woman of me."

We all know what are the results of overexertion. One of the commonplaces of modern psychology is the profound unity of mind and brain. Loss of memory, and of will power, dulling of the power of attention with concomitant liability to mistakes, blunting of the powers of observation—such are the consequences of a sort of blood poisoning by the chemical products of an overworked brain. These morbid states grow to a certain point, and we have then neurasthenia and psychasthenia misery, and life seems utterly impossible.

Modern medicine emphasizes the value of a hygienic mode of living. Rest at intervals, a sojourn in the woods or on the mountain tops, an occasional ten minutes spent in silence, so that we may hear our own souls speak to us; attention to the laws of health, moral and physiological—such form the true prophylactic against the curse of our time.—Boston Transcript.

HAD THEM ALL BEAT.

I've met with many scientists
And men who know a lot
About most everything in sight
And some things that were not
But I recall a modest one
Who simply knocked them cold—
The hired man we used to have
When I was ten years old.

If there were monsters in the deep
Or marvels in the air
Or hidden things beneath the ground
Or wonders anywhere,
He had them clearly classified,
Arranged and on display,
And when he cleared his throat and spoke
That's all there was to say.

He knew the history of France;
He knew how snakes were tamed;
He knew the way they made a plow,
How sleeping cars were named;
He knew a man who knew a man
Who slept with Henry Clay;
He knew the way to break a colt
And how to make hens lay.

On politics or mixing paint
Or anything like that
He knew the smallest ins and outs
And had them all down pat.
Among the people I have met
In all the foxy clan
There never was one the equal quite
Of that same hired man.
—Nashville American.

MARKET CLOSES
AT TOP PRICESSTOCKS AGAIN ADVANCE AND
REACH SUBSTANTIAL FIGURES AT CLOSE

(By H. H. Bru Co.)
GLOBE, November 30.—The upward march of the market continues and the short session today saw further liquidation of the shorts. All copper strengthened, securities gaining from one to three points.

Amalgamated	Bid	Asked
Anaconda	51.00	—
American Smelting	33.62	—
Reading	72.37	—
U. S. Steel preferred	96.50	—
U. S. Steel common	116.12	—
Arizona Commercial	25.37	—
Bingham	10.50	12.00
Calumet & Arizona	4.50	4.75
Copper Range	99.00	100.00
Greene-Canaan	54.50	54.87
North Butte	5.87	6.00
Old Dominion	40.50	40.75
Shannon	24.75	25.25
Trinity	10.25	10.50
Utah Consolidated	10.00	10.50
Helvetia	33.00	33.50
Denn-Arizona	1.25	1.50
Globe Consolidated	3.00	3.50
National Exploration	4.87	5.00
Nipissing	.28	.30
Superior & Boston	6.12	6.37
Superior & Pittsburgh	2.00	2.25
	9.00	9.25

Babies and children need prompt attention when suffering from coughs and colds. The best remedy for mothers to use is Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It contains no opiates and it is laxative and drives the cold out of the system by gently moving the bowels. For sale by Hanna's Drug Store.

Watch our window for holiday bargains. Van Wageningen & Co. store.

Why Taft Is Kept Abroad
A certain large, good natured person, our diplomatic Innocence Abroad, is be-

ing made the victim of a glad hand plot. Thoughtful persons of each passing day's telegrams announcing his innumerable destinations is sufficient to convince the most unsuspicious that there is a conspiracy abroad—and at home—to keep our preeminent peace exponent so constantly on the wing that he never will have an opportunity to alight on the presidential perch. When convention day dawns—this is stated on the highest authority—the conspirators will join feelingly in singing, "Where Is Our Wandering Boy Tonight?" and then force the nomination on some other candidate.—Chicago Post.

A Marine Wandering Jew

(Original.)
Since steam has largely taken the place of sail on the ocean I doubt if the sailor's yarn is what it was fifty years ago, when the Black Ball line of clipper ships sped between the accident and the orient. In my younger days—I was but a lad—I sailed before the mast in the Dreadnaught. Among our crew was Seth Hawkins, an old salt of forty. We considered him a Methuselah, a tall, thin man with a profusion of little red curls. He was very religious, observing all the commandments scrupulously except the ninth, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and in this he sinned only in spinning yarns, which he always vowed were real happenings. One starlight night on the forecastle while we were lounging about the capstan he gave us the following:

"You've all heard a lot about Judas Iscariot, who was cursed with havin' to live forever and wanderin' all over the world, at one time bein' seen in Egypt, another in France, and so on, always leavin' a trail of misfortune in his wake. But I don't believe any of you has ever heard about his sailin' the seas. There's no sense in this, for how could he have got to America, where he's turned up often, unless he crossed an ocean? Leastways I've seen him myself, and on the water too."

"I first shipped on the Mark Matthews on a voyage around the Horn to take in hides on the west coast of South America. We was layin' in the doldrums one evenin' just before four bells. A thick fog was all about us, and we couldn't see a cable's length. All of a sudden I heered a bell. It struck four times. As soon as it stopped our bell struck too. Then the fog thinned a little, and just about half the ship's length from us was the oddest lookin' craft I ever clapped eyes on. She was awful high in the poop, low in the waist and had a head on her bow like that of a sea serpent. She had two masts like a schooner, and the sails was hung on 'em like they put 'em on Chinese junkies. Of course they hung limp like ours."

"She was head-on, and the fog didn't let us see abaft the fo'mast. On the forecastle stood the figur' of an old man. I couldn't tell you how old he looked, but there was somethin' about him that reminded me of a people long passed away. He was a Jew and the Jewiest lookin' Jew I ever see. He was wrapped in a cloak that looked like a monk's frock. The melancholy way he stared out o' them blinkers o' his'n was enough to send a cur yelpin' to his kennel. They was like the eyes of a sick man as hadn't slept durin' a thousand year voyage. There wasn't a bit o' color in his cheeks unless you call the leathery look o' the hides we've got below color, and it seemed as if I could see right through his ghastly lips to the few teeth that was left in his jaws. He hadn't any bat on, and I wasn't near enough to see just what his hair was like, except that he had mighty little. But somethin' was a-movin' on his skull that looked like worms. Whether it was worms or hair I couldn't see, but it must 'a' been worms, for there wasn't the ghost of a breeze to move even the finest hairs. He stood there lookin' at us without any interest in them melancholy eyes o' his'n, and the only motion he made was with his skinny hands, pourin' some silver coins from one hand to t'other. Every once in awhile he'd make as if to throw the silver away, but he couldn't, and every time he tried and failed his face would take on an expression of awful remorse."

"While I was lookin' at him the two ships was so slowly driftin' apart that nobody could see 'em move. The other craft was gettin' in our stern. The Jew's blinkers was movin' about, never restin' on anything for more'n half a second till suddenly they struck our stern. Then there was the worst fright come into 'em I ever see on any man's face, not even a mutineer I once saw hung when he caught sight o' the noose dangle in the yardarm."

"What did he see? Didn't I tell you our ship was the Mark Matthews? The name, o' course, was on the stern. Some o' the letters was faded, and the 's' in Matthews was pretty nigh gone. What the Jew saw was the names o' two o' the apostles, Mark and Matthew."

"Then for the first time it struck me who he was. He was the wanderin' Jew. As soon as he saw the names o' them two old friends o' his'n he was thrown on his beam ends. You see, he was one o' the twelve in good and regular standin' till he betrayed his master for them thirty pieces o' silver. To be brought face to face with two o' the disciples after a couple o' thousand years' wanderin' must 'a' brought back unpleasant remembrances."

"By this time I felt so bad for the poor old sinner that I wanted to give him somethin' to warm him up. I ran below, got some grog in a can and ran back, expectin' to swing it over to the Jew at the end of a rope. But when I got on deck the strange lookin' craft had disappeared in the fog."

"But where she'd drifted to was a puzzle. For within ten minutes the fog lifted, we could sweep the horizon, and there wasn't a sail to be seen. "Within an hour it come on to blow out o' the south-west. That was the gale when I was wrecked, the Mark Matthews goin' to the bottom and the crew bein' picked up half dead by a whaler."

F. A. MITCHELL.

Be Charitable
To your horse as well as to yourself. You need not suffer from pains of any sort—your horses need not suffer. Try a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It cures all pains. J. M. Roberts, Bakersfield, Mo., writes: "I have used your liniment for ten years and find it to be the best I have ever used for man and beast." Sold by Palace Pharmacy.

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Tickets with return limit of ten days, \$5.35 for the round trip. Saturday and Sunday excursions—On Saturdays and Sundays from May 23rd to September 30th, tickets limited to return the following Monday will be on sale at the rate of \$4.25.

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